

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DICK TELEPHONES, "DON'T WAIT DINNER."

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I haven't had time yet to talk the matter over with Dick. Yesterday his father was worse and he was over there most of the day. Dad was making his will.

Aunt Mary noticed that I was very nervous and wrought up, as I stayed in the kitchen most of the day. Some way when my mind is fagged or my heart aches there is no greater consolation than work in my kitchen. I love to get a nice dinner and can get more pleasure out of it than embroidering doilies or playing bridge.

Don't think, little book, that I don't like to play bridge occasionally, but I must confess that I like to dance better.

To put a fine dinner of well-cooked, well-seasoned food on my prettily decorated table is as much of a satisfaction to me as to be successful in any other art.

Today I made a pumpkin pie (remembering Annie's recipe for caging a husband) after Aunt Mary's recipe. I also baked some cookies that Dick loves and made some nut bread. Besides this, I cleaned my pantry and storeroom, and, of course, was physically thoroughly tired when evening came.

As I was dressing for dinner the telephone rang and Dick's voice, sounding rather queerly, came over the wire: "Margie, don't wait dinner for me."

"Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry. We've got just the dinner you like best, ending with a piece of Aunt Mary's famous pumpkin pie."

"Can't help it, Margie. I'm at the doctor's."

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"I've broken the knuckles of my left hand."

"Shall I come over? How did you do it?"

Just then some one else took the phone.

"I am speaking for Mr. Waverly. He is going to have the bones in his hand set now. He says he will come home as soon as possible, but I think perhaps he had better stay here at the hospital tonight.

"You can come over, anyway, for we will probably give him gas when we set the bones, as the X-ray showed they were badly splintered and broken.

"How terrible. How did he do it?"

"Here comes Mr. Edie. I'll let him talk to you."

"Hello, Margie. Don't worry about Dick. He has just got a bad hurt to his hand, but Lord, you ought to see the other fellow."

"Was Dick fighting, Jim?"

"No, not fighting — he just gave that Macauley of the ——— book concern what was coming to him, blackened both his eyes and broke his collar bone. I wish he had broken his head."

"Oh, Jim, I wish he hadn't—such things don't do any good."

"Yes, they do, my dear. There are some wrongs that one man can do to another that can only be righted by punching his head."

"I'm coming right over, Jim."

"It isn't worth while, but perhaps you better had come, for if the fracas gets into the papers you had better be on the spot to show the smart reporter that is sure to be here that you are at peace with your beloved, if somewhat disfigured, husband."

I guess I acted like a wild woman, for Aunt Mary looked bewildered when I rushed out with the words, "I'll explain when I come back."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Sunshine! Commerce department estimates our export balance for October at 44 millions more than the September record. Trade off your grunt for a cheer!